*The*

# CRISIS

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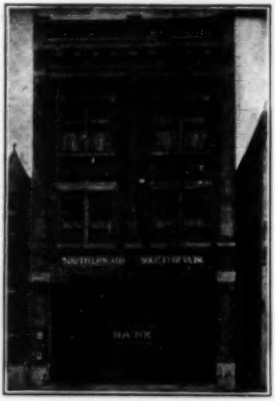

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# THE CRISIS

## A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 25 No. 2 DECEMBER, 1922 Whole No. 146

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The "Head of a Bethlehem Woman." Drawn for The Crisis by Henry Ossawa Tanner. Reproductions on heavy paper, without printing, may be had.

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The January Crisis will contain articles on the new colored school houses of Delaware, the representation of the South in Congress, and the Universal Negro Improvement Association.

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# THE CRISIS

Vol. 25. No. 2 DECEMBER, 1922 Whole No. 146

## Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

### THE CRISIS

THE CRISIS has reached that degree of age and prosperity which is most dangerous for an institution. Every one recognizes THE CRISIS as a valuable organ of public opinion, even though they neither buy nor read it. They do not think of it as needing help, and especially their individual help. Yet this is true. The circulation of THE CRISIS ought to be doubled next year in order to reach precisely those people, black and white, who most need it. For this reason we are going to inaugurate in January a simple, quick and inexpensive plan of increasing our circulation. *We want one thousand readers of* THE CRISIS *voluntarily to offer their services.* It will mean in all only a few hours' work. We ask, therefore, to hear immediately from 1,000 readers who are willing to help us to this slight extent in our campaign. *Meantime, if any one at any time has paid for* THE CRISIS *and has not received his copies completely or regularly, will he please write us immediately and state the circumstances?*

### HAITI

SLOWLY, remorselessly, the Federal Administration, representing and backed by huge financial interests, is crushing Haiti. The educated Haitian is being backed against the wall and every effort is made to drive him away to France or elsewhere. The ignorant and venal Haitians are being cultivated as pets and catspaws and pawns, the grip of the American banks is hardening; sixteen million dollars worth of bonds is offered. When this loan is saddled on Haiti, the principal will sift through into the hands of American "contractors" and Haitians themselves for a hundred years will be paying a million dollars a year for benefits which they will never receive. This is the first step.

The second is following close. Haitian industry is to be killed by the same methods that the English used in India. For instance, Haitian shoemakers used to import cheap leather from France and make their own shoes. The Americans are now *raising* the tariff on leather and *lowering* the tariff on shoes. This will drive the Haitian shoe-maker out of business and send the profits to Lynn.

Finally, by appointing Napoleon B. Marshall to a diplomatic office in Haiti and sending there a commission of colored men President Harding perhaps expects to get Negro-American approval for his miserable betrayal of the Haitian. He will never do it. Marshall is a man and not a puppet. Robert Church is a man; the Republican party cannot find a dozen reputable Negroes who will wash its dirty linen in Haiti; and even if it could find Negroes who would do this, they would have to account to twelve million of their fellows and it would be a warm accounting.

Meantime, remember the gentle Warren Gamaliel Harding, candidate for the Presidency of the United

States, how he said at Marion, Ohio, September 17, 1920, with tears in his eyes:

*"We must strictly maintain and scrupulously observe, in letter and in spirit, the mandates of the Constitution of the United States. We are not doing so now. We are at war, not alone technically with Germany, but actually with the little, helpless republics of our own hemisphere. The wars upon our neighbors to the south were made and are still being waged through the usurpation by the Executive of powers not only never bestowed upon him, but scrupulously withheld by the Constitution.*

*"Of the fact there can be no question. Practically all we know now is that thousands of native Haitians have been killed by American marines, and that many of our own gallant men have sacrificed their lives at the behest of an executive department in order to establish laws drafted by an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to secure a vote in the League and to continue at the point of the bayonet a military domination which at this moment requires the presence of no less than 3,000 of our armed men on that foreign soil."*

## A SHORT STORY COMPETITION

THE *Delta Omega* Chapter of the *Alpha Kappa Alpha* Sorority, at Virginia Union University, offers through THE CRISIS a prize of $50 for the best short story written by a Negro student, on the following conditions:

1. The writer must furnish proof that he is at the time of writing a student in good standing in some department of a recognized American institution, including colleges, normal schools, professional schools, academies, and industrial schools.

2. The story must be typewritten on one side of the page and must be not less than 2,000 words or more than 4,000 words long.

3. The story must deal with some phase of Negro life in America or elsewhere, in past or present time.

4. All stories submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

5. Each story as it is received will be read by a special committee consisting of members of the CRISIS staff and a third person to be chosen. The committee will choose the best story. The names of this commit tee will be announced in the January CRISIS

6. Stories must be in THE CRISIS office on or before April 1, 1923. The prize story will be printed in the June CRISIS and a check for $50 will be mailed to the author on June 1, 1923.

THE CRISIS wishes to offer a similar prize for a cover design and invites the correspondence of college fraternities and sororities.

## THE PROBLEM OF SACRIFICE

THERE died yesterday, a man who was a living sacrifice for a cause. Rufus Meroney, Y. M. C. A. secretary for the colored Brooklyn, New York, branch, was a big, strongly-built man. He took no vacations, he never played, he attended no conventions, he simply worked. Night and day, summer and winter, he cultivated with fierce intensity his one field in one corner of a small world. That field was the welfare of a group of colored boys and young men. He molded, trained, and encouraged them. He gave them his advice, his money, his guidance. He let absolutely nothing interfere with this work. He married no wife, begot no children, and did not visit home and mother for eleven years; he had few friends, paid few visits. But in that one short street, flanked with sand and sound, he digged and delved and digged until there rose a Temple—a light and beautiful buff brick sanctuary with everything to delight the heart of a virile boy—a gym, a pool, a floor for dancing, a stage for theatricals, billiards and pool, a library, periodicals, pictures. And then within and above this Temple of brick, rose and shone the Temple of Souls: teams that won silver cups and played the game square; boys who trained muscles taut and hearts steady; men who returned to school filled with ambition and studied late in Meroney's room; outcasts who borrowed a dime and found a job and went to work;—all—all this and more. And into the glittering brick and soul of this vaster Temple, Meroney poured his life like oil, for eleven years, until the overflowing cup of his sheer physical stamina began to empty and fail. Yet he never fal-

tered. He pooh-poohed the pain in his side, he brushed aside advice, he worked to the last drop of heart's blood and died half-conscious beneath the surgeon's knife that searched too late.

He was just a Negro. He was not good enough to remain within the portals of the Central Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, or the Twenty-third Street Y. M. C. A. of New York, or of thousands of other "white" and "CHRISTIAN" associations in America; much less to join their membership. He could not vote in Texas, his home; and they who bore his corpse to his ancient mother, rode "Jim Crow". And yet he was a gentleman. A son of Tillotson and Yale, an upstanding, handsome, hearty fellow, broad and tall. A being fit for the presence of Kings and the kisses of women. And he dropped and died at forty.

What shall we say—what shall we do before this Utter Sacrifice? Oh, it was foolish, of course, as men count fools. A little care, a little regular rest, a little better food, the diversion of home and babies and friends, the lure of the traveled trail—something of this and Meroney might have lived until 70 instead of dying at 43.

But how many lives there are, nursed and tended and preserved for a generation, which are not worth a good full hour! And if a man has a life, who shall call him crazy if he spend it in a decade rather than dribble it to a century? Who knows? Who knows?

**WARNING!**

MRS. C. V. THOMPSON, who has been operating in Mississippi and Louisiana and Texas and representing herself as a field worker of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is in no way connected with this Association. The public is warned against her, and evidence of her activities is urgently desired.

# MAGNIFICAT

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

IN lapis lazuli—
Such azure shot with gold!—
On domes of sanctity
That chiseled tribute hold,
Or breathe the Word through breath of brush
In ripened tones and old;

Through silence and in state—
Still splendors everywhere!—
Earth's tribute from earth's great
Steeped deep in incensed air,
With praise imprint on wall and floor,
And even shadows there;

Cathedrals strive to voice
The thanks of mild Mary,
Who found herself the choice
For immortality,
When, lowly-born, there came the word
Earth's Mother she should be.

God, we, thy lowly race,
Would thank thee for such grace.
Though we have never been
Welcome at earthly inn,
Thy glorious Son swung wide
Those gates that scoff at pride.

And guard a Realm of Equity,
Wherein abides the Wisdom Holy
Which shapes high purpose for the lowly.

# The Great Surgeon

THE tall and beautiful hospital rose white and pure beside the taller and more beautiful cathedral; so that the silvery bell voices of matins and vespers out of cloud-swathed spires woke the sick and the dead daily to want Life and Joy, behind the purple Curtains of Pain. Within, the white and starched and immaculate Superintendent of Nurses towered slim and handsome amid the murmurous applause of a hundred white and starched and immaculate nurses. (Below in the half-cellar, where the steam hissed and curled, a score of black women on tired feet, with sweating tubercular bosoms and great, gnarled hands worked all day each day to keep these brilliant, beautiful things above, immaculate.)

"It is a shame!" said the Superintendent of Nurses. "It is a shame!" echoed half a hundred voices. "The idea of a Jew operating at St. Michael's!"

"It's a shame!" swore the Head Surgeon in his Holy of Holies, beyond the Nurses' hall. "No Jew has ever operated in this hospital."

"And I thought", whispered the Junior Surgeon, kowtowing, "that our Patron was equally strict and steadfast for 'Anglo Saxon supremacy'."

"He was—he was. 'No Jews, Japs, or Negroes', he has said to me again and again—never on the Staff and as seldom in the wards as possible."

"And what has changed him?" asked the Superintendent of Nurses as she glided in, shining and cooing with the faint rustle that suggested wings.

"He's sick. He's sick unto death. He wants to be healed. He's scared blue—and he meets this quack."

"'The Great Surgeon' the advertisements call him, and they say that the deaf hear, the blind see, and the crippled walk!"

"Yes, and Fools and their money part."

"His charges are ridiculously low."

"Precisely—he is unprofessional; he advertises—whole pages in the *Journal* and *News*] with 'Come unto me, all ye that labor', and such tommy-rot. He rents no offices and has no dignity; he roams the streets of the yellow East Side and the red West Side and black High Harlem. You can see him any day talking with harlots, touts and cripples, thieves, merchants and peddlers, grinning children, dogs and stray cats."

"But", said the House Surgeon, "if your Millionaire wants him—why—"

"He'll have him of course. But think of the reputation of St. Michael's!"

"What ails the old man anyway?"

"Damned if I know."

"The quack says it's Stone."

"Then Stone let it be. The man who gives us a hundred thousand a year can have Stone in the Head if he wants it,—and his will is properly made."

"He comes—" "He comes!" "He is here!"

"What—already? It's only 1:50. Whoever heard of a surgeon ahead of time! It's not professional."

He came gowned in soft black, afoot, across the snow, up the stairs into the hall. He was short and square, bald with a fringe of black curly hair. His face was sallow, heavy and lined, and his blue eyes burned. (But his hands, his great and sinewy hands, calloused, thick, powerful, yet light, quick, with flattened finger tips and ever moving. The nurses rubbed their palms together, mimicking him behind his broad back.)

Beside him moved a shadow—a small, thin, scrawny, almost shabby, man with tender eyes and a great reticule of papers, packages, pads, and pencils. He said no word. He looked.

Below in the private parlor, ministered to by the Superintendent of Nurses and two attendant sprites, sat the rich and furred wife and daughter, waiting. They wore a quarter pound of gold, three ounces of platinum, 13 diamonds, 6 pearls, one sapphire and one ruby, 25 yards of silk, two gorgeous plumes from mangled mothers of starving birds, twenty little fur coats of murdered martens and thirty pieces of silver fox.

"I tried to dissuade him—I cannot understand. It is some spell that this Jew has cast over him. We met him last Saturday, in the street where we were motoring as a short cut—a horrible street, dark, dirty and teeming. This Jew peered in at our window and my husband, groaning in sudden pain, muttered:

" 'What shall I do to be saved!'

"And the Jew said, 'Follow me' and despite all I could do, my husband went."

"Ah—well, but it may be all right—and the Head Surgeon will stand by," murmured the beautiful Superintendent.

"If it isn't all right—if it isn't all right—"

(The time passed by in mighty, sonorous pageant. An hour, in slow and stately tread, while the red sun of heaven burned the azure to darker, blanker blue. A half hour, in slower lagging pace, muffled in tread, thunderous in silence. And then fifteen myriad minutes of quivering hesitation with the twisting, flying, retreating, trailing, pounding of foot-sore pilgrims oozing blood. Then Time stopped and Visions came—knives slipping, cutting, maiming; blood pouring—Horror and Pain and Death—)

The Head Surgeon came down the stairs muttering:

"He would not let me stay in the room. He put the nurses out. He used no ether. It is—horrible. It is murder. Yet listening, I heard no cry nor groan."

"Good God!" gasped the Superintendent.

"Good God," answered the Great Surgeon as he entered noiseless, his vestments ghostly in dull grey white, his lips smiling, his eyes inscrutable.

Wheeling the women faced him. They strove for speech and he made no move to help.

"He will—live?" The wife faltered, at last.

And the Great Surgeon whispered:

"He will die!"

Then the woman rose and shrieked:

"Murderer! Quack! Accursed Jew! King of the Jews! Lynch him! Crucify him!"

And she sank mumbling and sobbing into her daughter's arms. But the daughter, pale and straight, said:

"Shut up, Mother!" And then to him, a voice wreathed in hate: "Lead us to him."

Softly through hushed corridors, he led them, stepping lightly, almost joyously, with half-closed eyes and moving lips. Vespers rang sweetly above the falling snow without. Within angel-like forms, white-winged and lovely, flitted dimly, silently. (Below in the cellar the steam hissed and the irons flew and the black women coughed and sighed).

At the top of the staircase, he did not turn right to the beautiful and expensive private rooms, but left to the general ward of the poor. The wife tottered, beating her hands in frantic disgust. The daughter gasped:

"In the public ward?"

"In the general ward!" fumed the Superintendent.

"He wished it," said the Great Surgeon.

And there they found him; there in the dying sunlight with fifty others, sick, maimed and crippled lying about him (and one stiff corpse screened in, afar) lay the mighty Patron, the richest man of all the rich city, dying. The shadowy clerk was perched beside him, sealing a long parchment with a blood-red seal.

The face of the dying man was alight, blazing with the pale glory of the dying sun. There were lilies beside him. Wide bowls of rare and costly lilies, spreading weird fragrance, reflecting the sun and falling snow.

Wearily, yet peacefully, he raised his dying hands—"Mother—old woman," he murmured fondly as he found her: "Daughter—honey! You are poor. You have left but the things on your backs. I have sold all my goods and restored them to the Poor. I have taken this hospital from the Rich and given it to the Son of Man—to the sons of men: to the good and the bad, the black and the white, Jew and Gentile—all human kind of every race and creed."

("He is crazy—crazy!" sobbed the wife. "We'll break the will," hissed the daughter. "The testament, perhaps, but not his Holy Will," said the Surgeon.)

The dying voice fell and whispered:

"All and for all."

The Patron paused and gasped:

"Especially for—Jews—and—'Niggers'." And he died.

The Great Surgeon closed the old and weary eyes of the dead potentate and folded the fat, big hands upon his wounded heart and lighted soft candles at his head and feet. And then slowly he passed down the ward whispering, intoning, to either side as he went: "Peace—Peace be with you." And there followed him his shadow and a murmur and a sigh like far off seas at sunset.

Down in the hall below they stood as if paralysed, while the Great Surgeon, shadowed by his clerk, moved toward the snow-drifts and the star-lit night. The Head Surgeon dropped his eyes. The Superintendent of Nurses stared, fascinated. The nurses flew, fluttered and were still.

Only an interne—the Last Interne, hastened noiselessly and threw back the great and oaken door.

"He is—dead, Sir?" he asked.

The Surgeon said: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die!"

"Then—what ailed him, Sir?"

The Great Surgeon answered softly: "Stone. Stone in the Heart!"

(Below in the half cellar twenty black women twined their dark cloaks about them, swathed their tired feet in riven rubbers, clasped gnarled hands on aching chests, and went up singing to the night.)

So the Eve of Christmas fell on the world in the year of salvation 1922: First came the Master, haloed in the gleaming snow; then his Shadow. And then the pain-swept Song of Angels.

# "—WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES"

JESSIE FAUSET

WHAT strange power does the sense of smell wield over the gates of memory? This morning, stepping into the cold, I sniffed a rush of snow-laden air that carried me back down the slope of yesterdays to a scene which I had completely forgotten. It was Christmas Eve in Philadelphia—a proper Christmas Eve I remember, for outside the snow was falling softly, thickly, warmly, but within, the house was bright with Christmas spirit, a light in every window. It was so like a conventional Christmas card and I had so often wanted to experience the sensation of the weary traveller who struggles up the snow-laden road toward the glowing house, that yielding to the persuasions of a daring older sister, I ventured with her out into the street.

"Around the block" we ran, hatless and coatless, I believe, right in the face of the soft, warm, blurry snow. Oh, what a sense of adventure and what a feeling of joy and relief was ours when we got back to the sheltering house with its bright, dry rooms! We slipped in unnoticed except by another sister who, perturbed by our vagrancy, had kept a discreet watch. She didn't tell on us—there's no fun in invoking punishment on Christmas Eve. Instead she produced unexpectedly a store of warm, soft ginger cookies fresh from the batch then in process of manufacture in the kitchen. Never ask me how she procured them.

Childhood, my own childhood certainly, photographs many such sharp detached pictures destined to return to one in later years with a wistful, indefinable poignancy. Sometimes does it not seem that that childish life was the real, the permanent, thing, and that these grown-up days of flashing, restless achievement are hardly worth the long preparation which one in his teens and first twenties endures?

My first trip to France did not so completely, so lengthily absorb me as did the preparations which we children used to make for Christmas in that old square-roomed house in Philadelphia. I think we must have begun in November. There was always a tree and so every year "Christmas things" had to be made for it. Such a buying of such gorgeous materials! Glazed paper in marvelous colors, a soft, deep, yet bright, blue; a warm, passionate red; a heart-of-the-melon pink. And because of the glaze on the paper all these colors possessed a curious, palpable quality; you could feel the color as well as see it. As a child I thought there must even be some way of absorbing it, especially that wonderful heartening, inspiring red. Besides the glazed paper there were sheets of thinner gold and silver with a slightly embossed figure; smaller sheets of gold stars, yards of tinsel, white, creamy paper lace, dozens of glass icicles and, of course, paper-dolls.

We made endless chains of the glowing colors and dressed the paper-dolls in tissue paper and lace. I had forgotten the possibilities of the tissue paper from which we contrived a round sort of pompoms which were fancifully designated "snow-balls" and another round but differently shaped paper mass called "water lilies." You made the snow-balls by twisting the ends of a circular piece of paper which had been slit down the edges into finger-width petals. Sometimes you gave too sharp a twist and the end of the petal came off. The water-lilies achieved their perfection with the aid of the head of the ordinary hat-pin. I cannot describe how this was done—the process is at once too simple and too intricate. Snow-balls and water lilies alike were of all colors, but that discrepancy never troubled us.

Have I ever enjoyed anything since, I wonder, with the same intensity and the same sharp anticipation with which I enjoyed the Christmas season? There was a big square darkish room up in the top of the house where we children used to foregather and plan and plan for the holidays. Actually we had a little chant, *"Oh, won't it be joyous when Christmas comes! Oh, won't it be joyous when Christmas comes!"* You said it with a stress on the second "won't" which converted it into a pleasing and irresistible rhythm which in itself created that joy you were so happily anticipating. I think that whatever modicum of unselfishness or generosity I now possess dates back from those days. For it was then I learned the sheer joy of giving. We children gave, I fear, with too little discrimination. Neckties and whisk-brooms for my father, and handkerchiefs for my mother. We could

not think of anything else to give but we wanted to give. Gloves sometimes, perhaps, but that strained our tiny purses. It took two donors to provide one pair of gloves. My poor parents! They must have groaned at the inevitability of those unvarying presents.

Christmas Day when one is grown up is apt to be stodgy, too redolent of the taste of "the day after the night before." But the Christmas Day of my childhood was an endless round of new joys. First the stockings, always an orange in the toe and then quantities and quantities of nuts and raisins and candies. I can see us children now rushing from our rooms down the dark, chilly stairs, and exclaiming: "Oh, he did come, he did come! That's my stocking, see I pinned my name on it." There was a bright, thin tinkle of happy girlish voices and at intervals the discontented undertones of my brothers complaining because their stockings were not as long as ours. My mother always hung up my father's socks for them, I don't know why.

Some grown-ups complain because they were fooled by the Santa Claus myth, but I have always been glad of it. Surely there can be no lovelier way of starting one's own private little output of faith, hope and charity than this conception of an embodied spirit of kindness, riding red-faced and jolly throughout the land. I was a big girl, almost ready for high school, before I began seriously to consider the extreme inadequacy of any chimney-place of ours for a possible Santa Claus. Gradually I drifted into the truth of the matter, but I have never regretted for a moment the sweet foolery of my first belief.

But to return to the joy of Christmas Day. After the discovery of the bursting stockings, there were the presents to be examined. We received dolls for which I did not care very much—useful presents, a dress, a coat, a cap and books. And that was my reason for liking Christmas! After the long, wonderful dinner with its plethora of turkey and cranberry sauce, there was the long, dark, cozy afternoon to be spent in reading. There were always relatives at Christmas dinner and these and the rest of the household, it is to be presumed, disported themselves according to their various tastes. My own idea of indoor sport was to lie on the floor midway between the gorgeous tree and the glowing fire and to bury my head, my mind, my whole being, in some fairy tale or strange romance. I had been taught to read when I was just past babyhood. Small wonder then that at eight some one either with or without (I've never been able to determine which) a sense of humor, gave me a copy of "Don Quixote," the hardest nut which my childish mind ever tried to crack. I missed the broad farce and the sly wit which I am told penetrates that book. Doubtless I was a humorless child and took the story seriously. I know to this day I can never become interested in it.

What I did read with interest, with amazement, with resentment, with tears, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It lay a greyish brown volume, thick-leaved and large lettered on the kidney-shaped table in our parlor. It belonged to my grandmother whom I had never seen. But I had seen the book, and though the sight of most books was a challenge to me, I had never glanced inside this one. But on a certain Christmas Day, weary of Rose-Red and Snow-White, I happened to peep within those prim covers. They had to pry the book from my unwilling fingers. At the end of three or four days I had read it all, every word of it. I do not think I have ever opened it since but the story remains part of my permanent mental furnishings.

Supper on Christmas Night was negligible. Probably there would not have been any had it not been for "the boys." But the time after supper stands out bright and sharp before me. Those relatives and older ones probably went on later to their own devices, but we children grouped ourselves together and sang hymns, beautiful, immortal, glorious hymns: "Holy Night"; "Joy to the World"; "Oh! Come All Ye Faithful" (my father's favorite); and "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing." How sweet and solemn and altogether lovely that time was. I have felt the rush of wings. . . .

My mother's favorite song was one which had nothing to do with the Christmas tide but which embodied the spirit of life in the house. It began "When the woods are dim and dreary," and asked "What then?" The refrain ran as I well remember:

*"Ah! In spite of wind and weather,*
*Round the fireside gleaming bright,*
*We will sing old songs together,*
*All the merry winter night!"*

Can anything more exquisitely define home? Ah, lovely little pictures of the heart

borne back to me across the years on a breath of snow-laden air! They recreate for me each season of the Nativity the spirit of a Merry Christmas.

# MARIANNHILL

## The Work of the Catholic Trappists in South Africa

FATHER M. THOMAS, R.M.M.

MARIANNHILL is situated about 17 miles from Port Durban, Natal. It was founded by Abbot Franz Pfanner in 1882. He started there with 32 men and as there was no human habitation nearby they had to sleep for the first few months under wagons, piled up boxes and tents. Some Kraals were near the distant hills and the natives, their inmates, watched very suspiciously what the white men were doing. Temporary buildings were gradually erected, gardens laid out, roads made, and fields cultivated; in a short time this spot of wilderness looked like an oasis in the desert.

As early as the second year a school was opened for native boys and in order to provide also for the girls, Abbot Franz again went back to Europe to procure some lay women to place in charge of a girls' school. These European ladies were later on formed into a congregation called the "Sisters of the Most Precious Blood" and have now 336 Sisters working on our Mission Stations. As soon as the foundation of Mariannhill was secured and prospering, other new stations were opened, so that now we have 33 central stations distributed throughout Natal, Griqualand East and Rhodesia.

A NATIVE ZULU BOY

At Mariannhill we have a large Boys' Boarding School and a Normal School. The fees for tuition vary from thirty to sixty dollars per annum. The majority of the pupils work for their tuition. These children have very good memories, and on the average, good talents for singing and music. I had the Boys' School for three years at Mariannhill and started a band among the boys. It took a good measure of patience to teach these boys something about an instrument which they had never seen or heard of before. They had to learn the chromatic scale and play everything by note. After six to eight months' practice the band could play fairly well. There is extraordinarily good talent among them. For instance, a clarionet, on account of the many keys and holes to be manipulated, is not easy to learn and to finger. I gave one boy—Sebastian MKulise—a B flat clarionet and taught him the natural scale. In two days he played quite fluently a beautiful Christmas song. He is now head teacher at a Government school in Maritzburg. The band comprised 24 instruments.

In our Boarding Schools the time is di-

CHILDREN GOING TO DAY-SCHOOL

vided between study and work—four hours school in the morning and four hours work in the afternoon. We are convinced that industrial work is just as necessary for the boys and girls as book learning. There are 22 different trades taught at Mariannhill and a boy has a chance to learn any trade he likes, to be a stable or houseboy up to a first-class certified head teacher. At Lourdes Station, Griqualand East, children study up to the 6th or 7th grade and then enter one of our normal schools. The sub-classes begin in the native language and after the first year English is gradually introduced. From the 4th and 5th grades on, English is the medium of instruction. The children pass Government examinations.

Native Zulu boys have a very hard time in their youth. Their work is to herd and milk the cattle. Driving their cattle on the hilltops or plateaus and herding them, they spend their leisure time in catching birds or field mice (called "izinbiba") and when they get a collection of them, they will make a fire, roast them, and have a good meal. These children are very kind to each other. If I am riding along on horseback and meet a group of these herding boys and give one of them a piece of bread, he will not eat it by himself, he will give each one of his comrades a small piece and keep the smallest for himself.

These children are very eager to go to school. Very often the parents object; then some will run away from home and find refuge in some distant school. Of course, we missionaries do not favor such methods. It is better for them to have their parents' permission. Many children attend a day school which generally opens at 9.00 A.M. and closes at 3.00 P.M. The school children look very inviting and attractive even though sometimes when they come to school they have not a rag on them! In fact at home at their Kraals, children generally walk about stark naked.

Let me tell you something of their activities. The nursery at Centocow is considered the best and cleanest fruit nursery in South Africa. Here the boys are taught to plant and prune the trees, to excavate and ship them. They send from 40,000 to 50,000 fruit trees every year to all parts of South Africa. All forests near our mission stations are artificial forests. At Lourdes Station, in Griqualand East, the school boys are busy replanting trees. All work is done under the supervision of one or more Brothers. They first plant the seed in small square boxes and when the trees are about

six to eight inches high, they are replanted in straight rows on the prepared fields. There are about 200 boys at the school at Lourdes.

Boys take a great liking to carpentry work. They learn to make plain tables, benches, clothes boxes, all without the help of machine work. All pupils preparing themselves for teachers have to work four hours a week in the carpenter shop. It will be of great benefit to them in day schools where they can do their own repair work.

The school girls thatch grass. All their huts, also the day schools, are generally covered with thatched grass. It takes several thousands of bundles to cover a roof of a small day school. The girls like to do this work, and it is considered a special work for females. The girls learn to sew too. In the sewing room at Mariannhill there are about 120 sewing machines run by motor. What a change from 40 years ago! Under the supervision of the Sisters, these girls have become so proficient in manipulating a machine that some can sew from twelve to sixteen overalls a day. They sew blouses, shirts, overalls, etc., for the Johannesburg mines, where there are about 240,000 natives working. Thus the children can earn something for themselves and also help their poor parents. The button-hole machines are also run by the girls and the measuring, marking and cutting is done by them.

Their native customs are very interesting. In time of drought the native water girls sometimes have to go miles to find a little water. Usually they are scantily clothed, only in calabashes, but even then they adorn themselves with beadwork. A Zulu bride will have a magnificent display of beadwork ornaments. The beads are of different colors but white is most prevalent. The girls are very clever in making these ornaments. Love letters among them are not written but made out of beads and the different colors indicate the various loves or jealous emotions. Much could be said as to their way of courting and their marriage ceremonies. Young men dress up, too, to go to a dance or a wedding. They have a fine physique, are very muscular and are always ready for a good fight. A wedding without a good fight is a rarity among the pagans.

This is only a sketch in simple language although books could be written on all of these subjects. I have worked twenty years here among these people and by speaking their language every day I have nearly forgotten all my own English.

ZULU GIRLS CARRYING WATER

# STEPS TOWARD THE NEGRO THEATRE

ALAIN LOCKE

CULTURALLY we are abloom in a new field, but it is yet decidedly a question as to what we shall reap—a few flowers or a harvest. That depends upon how we cultivate this art of the drama in the next few years. We can have a Gilpin, as we have had an Aldridge—and this time a few more—a spectacular bouquet of talent, fading eventually as all isolated talent must; or we can have a granary of art, stocked and stored for season after season. It is a question of interests, of preferences:—are we reaping the present merely or sowing the future? For the one, the Negro actor will suffice; the other requires the Negro drama and the Negro theatre.

The Negro actor without the Negro drama is a sporadic phenomenon, a chance wayside flower, at mercy of wind and weed. He is precariously planted and still more precariously propagated. We have just recently learned the artistic husbandry of race drama, and have already found that to till the native soil of the race life and the race experience multiplies the dramatic yield both in quality and quantity. Not that we would confine the dramatic talent of the race to the fence-fields and plant-rooms of race drama, but the vehicle of all sound art must be native to the group—our actors need their own soil, at least for sprouting. But there is another step beyond this which must be taken. Our art in this field must not only be rescued from the chance opportunity and the haphazard growth of native talent, the stock must be cultivated beyond the demands and standards of the market-place, or must be safe somewhere from the exploitation and ruthlessness of the commercial theatre and in the protected housing of the art-theatre flower to the utmost perfection of the species. Conditions favorable to this ultimate development, the established Negro Theatre will alone provide.

In the past, and even the present, the Negro actor has waited to be born; in the future he must be made. Up till now, our art has been patronized; for the future it must be endowed. This is, I take it, what we mean by distinguishing between the movement toward race drama and the quite distinguishable movement toward the Negro Theatre. In the idea of its sponsors, the latter includes the former, but goes further and means more; it contemplates an endowed artistic center where all phases vital to the art of the theatre are cultivated and taught—acting, playwriting, scenic design and construction, scenic production and staging. A center with this purpose and function must ultimately be founded. It is only a question of when, how and where. Certainly the time has come; everyone will admit that at this stage of our race development it has become socially and artistically imperative. Sufficient plays and sufficing talent are already available; and the awakened race consciousness awaits what will probably be its best vehicle of expansion and expression in the near future.

Ten years ago it was the theory of the matter that was at issue; now it is only the practicabilities that concern us. Then one had constantly to be justifying the idea, citing the precedents of the Irish and the Yiddish theatres. Now even over diversity of opinion as to ways and means, the project receives the unanimous sanction of our hearts. But as to means and auspices, there are two seriously diverse views; one strenuously favoring professional auspices and a greater metropolitan center like New York or Chicago for the Negro Theatre; another quite as strenuously advocating a university center, amateur auspices and an essentially educational basis. Whoever cares to be doctrinaire on this issue may be: it is a question to be decided by deed and accomplishment—and let us hope a question not of hostility and counter-purpose, but of rivalry and common end.

As intended and established in the work of the Department of the Drama at Howard University, however, the path and fortunes of the latter program have been unequivocally chosen. We believe a university foundation will assure a greater continuity of effort and insure accordingly a greater permanence of result. We believe further that the development of the newer forms of drama has proved most successful where

laboratory and experimental conditions have obtained and that the development of race drama is by those very circumstances the opportunity and responsibility of our educational centers. Indeed, to maintain this relation to dramatic interests is now an indispensable item in the program of the progressive American college. Through the pioneer work of Professor Baker, of Harvard, the acting and writing of plays has become the natural and inevitable sequence, in a college community, of the more formal study of the drama. Partly through the same channels, and partly as a result of the pioneer work of Wisconsin, college production has come to the rescue of the art drama, which would otherwise rarely get immediate recognition from the commercial theatre. And finally in its new affiliation with the drama, the American college under the leadership of Professor Koch, formerly of North Dakota, now of the University of North Carolina, has become a vital agency in community drama, and has actively promoted the dramatization of local life and tradition. By a threefold sponsorship, then, race drama becomes peculiarly the ward of our colleges, as new drama, as art-drama, and as folk-drama.

Though concurrent with the best efforts and most significant achievements of the new drama, the movement toward Negro drama has had its own way to make. In addition to the common handicap of commercialism, there has been the singular and insistent depreciation to stereotyped caricature and superficially representative but spiritually misrepresentative force. It has been the struggle of an artistic giant in art-engulfing quicksands; a struggle with its critical period just lately safely passed. Much of this has been desperate effort of the "bootstrap-lifting kind," from the pioneer advances of Williams, Cole, Cook, and Walker, to the latest achievements of "Shuffle Along." But the dramatic side has usually sagged, as might be expected, below the art level under the imposed handicap. Then there has been that gradual investment of the legitimate stage through the backdoor of the character rôle; the hard way by which Gilpin came, breaking triumphantly through at last to the major rôle and legitimate stardom. But it is the inauguration of the Negro art drama which is the vital matter, and the honor divides itself between Burghardt DuBois, with his "Star of Ethiopia", staged, costumed, and manned by students, and Ridgeley Torrence, with his "Three Plays for a Negro Theatre." In the interim between the significant first performances and the still more significant attempts to incorporate them in the Horizon Guild and the Mrs. Hapgood's Players, there was organized in Washington a Drama Committee of the N. A. A. C. P. which sponsored and produced Miss Grimké's admirable pioneer problem-play, "Rachael," in 1917. Between the divided elements of this committee, with a questionable paternity of minority radicalism, the idea of the Negro Theatre as distinguished from the idea of race drama was born. If ever the history of the Negro drama is written without the scene of a committee wrangle, with its rhetorical climaxes after midnight—the conservatives with their wraps on protesting the hour; the radicals, more hoarse with emotion than effort, alternately wheedling and threatening—it will not be well-written. The majority wanted a performance; the minority, a program. One play no more makes a theatre than one swallow, a summer.

The pariah of the committee by the accident of its parentage became the foundling and subsequently the ward of Howard University. In its orphan days, it struggled up on the crumbs of the University Dramatic Club. One recalls the lean and patient years it took to pass from faculty advice to faculty supervision and finally to faculty control; from rented costumes and hired properties to self-designed and self-executed settings; from hackneyed "stage successes" to modern and finally original plays; and hardest of all progressions, strange to relate, that from distant and alien themes to the intimate, native and racial. The organization, under the directorship of Professor Montgomery Gregory of a Department of Dramatics, with academic credit for its courses, the practical as well as the theoretical, and the fullest administrative recognition and backing of the work have marked in the last two years the eventual vindication of the idea. But from an intimacy of association second only to that of the director, and with better grace than he, may I be permitted to record what we consider to be the movement's real coming of age? It was when simultaneously with the production of two original plays on race themes written in course by students,

staged, costumed, and manned by students, in the case of one play with the authoress in rôle, there was launched the campaign for an endowed theatre, the successful completion of which would not only give the Howard Players a home, but the Negro Theatre its first tangible realization.

As will already have been surmised from the story, the movement has, of course, had its critics and detractors. Happily, most of them are covered by that forgiveness which goes out spontaneously to the opposition of the short-sighted. Not they, but their eyes, so to speak, are to blame. Rather it has been amazing, on the other hand, the proportion of responsiveness and help that has come, especially from the most prominent proponents of the art drama in this country; names too numerous to mention, but representing every possible section of opinion—academic, non-academic; northern, southern, western; conservative, ultra-modern; professional, amateur; technical, literary; from within the university, from the community of Washington; white, black. Of especial mention because of special service, Gilpin, O'Neil, Torrence, Percy Mackaye, DuBois, Weldon Johnson, and the administrative officers of the University; and most especially the valuable technical assistance for three years of Clem Throckmorton, technical director of the Provincetown Players, and for an equal time the constant and often self-sacrificing services of Miss Marie Forrest in stage training and directing, services recently fitly rewarded by appointment to a professorship in the department. But despite the catholic appeal, interest and cooperation it is essentially as a race representative and race-supported movement that we must think of it and that it must ultimately become, the best possible self-expression in an art where we have a peculiar natural endowment, undertaken as an integral part of our higher education and pursuit of culture.

The program and repertoire of the Howard Players, therefore, scarcely represent the full achievement of the movement; it is the workshop and the eventual theatre and the ever-increasing supply of plays and players that must hatch out of the idea. The record of the last two years shows in performances:

1920-21—

"Tents of the Arabs"—Lord Dansany.

"Simon the Cyrenean"—Ridgeley Torrence.

"The Emperor Jones"—Guest performance with Charles Gilpin at the Belasco; student performance at the Belasco.

Commencement Play, 1921-22—

"The Canterbury Pilgrims"—Percy Mackaye. Repetition of first bill in compliment of the delegates to the Washington conference on Limitation of Armaments.

"Strong as the Hills" (a Persian play)—Matalee Lake.

Original Student Plays—

"Genefrede,"—a play of the Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture—Helen Webb.

"The Yellow Tree"—DeReath Irene Busey.

Commencement Play—

"Aria de Capo"—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

"The Danse Calinda"—a Creole Pantomime Ms. performance — Ridgeley Torrence.

A movement of this kind and magnitude is, can be, the monopoly of no one group, no one institution, no paltry decade. But within a significant span, this is the record. The immediately important steps must be the production of original plays as rapidly as is consistent with good workmanship and adequate production, and the speedy endowment of the theatre, which fortunately, with the amateur talent of the university, means only funds for building and equipment. I am writing this article at Stratford-on-Avon. I know that when stripped to the last desperate defense of himself, the Englishman with warrant will boast of Shakespeare, and that this modest Memorial Theatre is at one and the same time a Gibraltar of national pride and self-respect and a Mecca of human civilization and culture. Music in which we have so trusted may sing itself around the world, but it does not carry ideas, the vehicle of human understanding and respect; it may pierce the heart, but does not penetrate the mind. But here in the glass of this incomparable art there is, for ourselves and for the world, that which shall reveal us beyond all propaganda on the one side, and libel on the other, more subtly and deeply than self-praise and to the confusion of subsidized self-caricature and ridicule. "I saw Othello's visage in his mind," says Desdemona explaining her love and respect; so might, so must the world of Othello's mind be put artistically to speech and action.

*Stratford-on-Avon, August* 5, 1922.

# National · Association · for · the · Advancement · of · Colored · People.

## ANNUAL MEETING

THE Annual Meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People will be held in the South Hall of the Sage Foundation, 130 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 2, 1923, at two o'clock. There will be reports from officers and branches, and the nominations for directors will be voted upon.

The Nominating Committee for members of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People reports the following nominees for terms expiring December 31, 1925:

Miss Jane Addams, Chicago, Ill.
Dr. Charles E. Bentley, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Hutchens C. Bishop, New York City
Hon. Arthur Capper, Topeka, Kas.
Mr. Robert R. Church, Memphis, Tenn.
Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, New York City
Mrs. Florence Kelley, New York City
Hon. Charles Nagel, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Mary White Ovington, New York City
Mr. Harry H. Pace, New York City
Mr. Charles Edward Russell, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Mary B. Talbert, Buffalo, New York.

THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE,
DR. WM. A. SINCLAIR, Chairman.
MR. PAUL KENNADAY,
MR. ARTHUR B. SPINGARN.

The evening mass meeting, which is held on the day of the annual meeting, will be held at the Town Hall, 121 West 43rd Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, New York City, at 8:00 P. M. Invitations have already gone forward to several eminent men and women, and it is expected that the meeting will be one of the greatest ever held under the auspices of the Association.

The mass meeting will have peculiar significance. If the Dyer Bill shall not have been passed by January 2, the gathering will be used to bring greater pressure on the United States Senate. If, however, our expectations that the Anti-Lynching Bill will have become a law by that time are justified, the meeting will be a great celebration of this victory at the end of nearly twelve years of warfare on lynch-law. The press will contain further information on the meeting and also the January CRISIS and *Branch Bulletin*. We extend herewith to all interested persons a very cordial invitation to be present at this meeting.

## BRANCHES

THE most encouraging evidence of the progress of the organized power of the N. A. A. C. P. is the effective work being done by its branches in the field of legal defense. Hardly a week passes but some splendid accomplishment is reported to the National Office in cases which the branches have taken up and carried through to successful conclusions. Through the pages of THE CRISIS, the *Branch Bulletin* and the N. A. A. C. P. Press Service, the National Office is glad to make these facts known, not only that the public may be acquainted with this work but that these victories may serve as examples to other branches, and at the same time a warning to those who need to be advised that there is a powerful organization which is fighting for the victims of race prejudice.

Among recent notable achievements by N. A. A. C. P. Branches is that of the Prince George, Md., County Branch which for more than a year sought information regarding the murder of a white woman in Maryland for which crime a colored man named Joseph Keller was arrested. Working in co-operation with the District of Columbia Branch through Mr. James A. Cobb, Attorney, and Mr. Shelby J. Davidson, Executive Secretary, the Prince George County Branch proved Keller innocent and secured his release from jail.

The Buffalo, N. Y., Branch, in similar fashion took up the case of a nine year old colored girl, who had been brutally raped by a white man, Morris Deitch. As a result of their efforts Deitch was tried, found guilty and sent to prison for from six to twenty years.

The City Council of Oakland, Cal., passed an ordinance in October at the instance of the Northern California Branch making it a crime "for any person in the City of Oak-

land to appear in public in any mask, cap, cowl, hose, or other thing concealing the identity of the wearer." The ordinance is aimed directly at the Ku Klux Klan. Under its provisions any Klansman who violates this law will be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or will be imprisoned not more than six months or may be both fined and imprisoned.

The National Office is taking this means of expressing its sincere congratulations and commendation to these branches for this notable and effective work.

* * *

## "I AM OPPOSED TO LYNCHING, BUT——"

"THE other two Negroes stoutly maintained their innocence, but it was decided to burn them on the statement of the condemned man that they were guilty. Ropes were tied about their waists and they were dragged on to the fire and burned, one after the other."

The above news story comes neither from the heart of Borneo nor the brain of a novelist. It is simply the truthful account of the way of a mob with a man in these United States of America, A.D., 1922. And to our shame, be it said that it is not a particularly unusual tale. The simple fact that Americans in large numbers have acted like fiends calls for an explanation. *What do these people think would happen if their atrocities should cease?* This is the phase of the problem that is usually passed over in silence; and it is the failure to face this question openly that weakens the anti-lynching case.

The question, however, will bear facing. Suppose we grant that the Southern Negro is a type of human being who must be ruled by fear. Suppose we say that as soon as a lynch law is passed which is drastic enough to stop lynching and burning, a flood of excesses will be let loose upon the nation which will be far worse than the evil attacked. Suppose the writer is as ignorant as a babe of Negro psychology. Suppose, after all, that mob rule does more good than harm. All this would give no justification for the argument probably soon to be heard on the floor of Congress, "I am opposed to lynching, but—we shouldn't do anything about it." For the sake of common honesty, let some brave man speak up and state the position of the opposition thus: "I am in favor of lynching, because—"

There must be a clarifying of the issue. Newspaper after newspaper lifts up its editorial hands in holy horror at the cruelty of the modern savages who roast a human being at the stake—and then leaves the matter up in the air with a final broad gesture calling attention to the problems of communities where such customs are in vogue. Those problems should be given full weight, to be sure, as considerations bearing directly upon the question as to whether mob rule should or should not be tolerated. If, when weighed in the balance, good against evil, its total effect is found to be good, let's make it legal; if bad, only a law "with teeth in it" will stop the pleasant pastime of butchering by popular acclamation whosoever is possibly guilty of a crime. There is, unfortunately, no way of requiring a mob to hold a sober trial or to temper its excesses; if we sanction mob mercy for offenders we must agree that, as matters stand, a large number of innocent persons ought to roast for the good of the race.

There is a possible middle course—a dishonest course. It is the course which finds expression in the folded hands and the smug comment: "I am opposed to lynching, but you can't stop a crowd—and after all, between you and me, I am not sure that we should. Let us pretend to disapprove it for the sake of the world's good opinion, but let us continue to hold immune from punishment the gentlemen who do our dirty work." It is the course of those who stand nominally for trial by jury, but who, by declaration of sympathy for the mob, encourage it to think that it has the tacit approval of the American people. It is the course which is at present branding us as a nation of hypocrites; for so long as we do not have upon our statute books specific laws which impose penalties upon group murderers like those upon other criminals, the world will rightly think that we have no serious intention of stopping the barbaric atrocities of our mobs.

Now a question arises: If the American people show that they mean business and will not brook without the severest penalties the crude criminal justice of the crowd, will that actually mean a tremendous increase in the most repulsive form of crime? The writer cannot say, and he refuses to weaken his case with a dogmatic assertion

upon a non-essential matter about which he has little knowledge and needs less. Let that matter be threshed out by the debaters on the question, "Shall we outlaw lynching or legalize it?" For those who agree that mob justice is undesirable, a more pertinent question is this: "What can we do to minimize or completely counteract the increase in individual crimes, if any there be, due to the suppression of mass crimes?" To this there is at least one obvious answer. Following the example of Detroit, which reduced recorded crimes sixty-eight percent in one year, we can speed up the wheels of justice and make as certain as humanly possible swift punishment to him who transgresses. If fear on the part of those who have not erred is more essential than mercy to the degenerate who is certainly known to have done so, there might be legalized public whippings before executions. Yes, suppose we go the limit, and condemn to death by public burning those guilty of particularly heinous offenses. We can't do it, of course, and we won't; but how infinitely better and more worthy of the respect of the world that course would be than the practice of allowing a mass of men untrained in the laws of evidence to select off-hand the ones to be burned—*and get away with it.*

This is a question not of party, but of humanitarianism. There is a law before Congress which puts to the test our sincerity in our belief that the methods of the Spanish Inquisition are not fit for the twentieth century. If we truly believe that, we shall be willing to endure, if necessary, a slight added risk for those who are dearer to us than life itself. We shall not be warring race against race, but shall have the best elements in two great races united against the worst in each. By our support of this measure we are voting for law as against anarchy, civilization as against barbarism, love as against hate. We are asserting our will to those who would disgrace our race with the cruelest kind of savagery known to man. Our influence, after all, is decisive; what are we going to *do* about it?

R. S. UNDERWOOD.

# "WE BUILD GOLDEN HOUSES OR LOG CABINS"

JULIAN ELIHU BAGLEY

IT was at a colored farmers' meeting in one of the Carolinas. For two hours or more they had discussed peanuts and cotton and corn and pigs. But these were dry subjects, that is, from the usual oratorical point of view. The audience was drifting into restlessness. The chairman sensed the situation and called upon someone to "raise a hymn" whereupon an old colored woman burst forth in an ecstasy of delight:

"What kind o' shoe you goin' to wear,
Golden slippers!
Golden slippers I'm goin' to wear,
When I get up in Glory!"

As soon as the singing was over an old colored man sprang to his feet, gave his name as Josiah Gooseberry and announced that he wanted to say something on how white folks should co-operate with colored folks. There was a sprinkling of white folks in the audience and the chairman hesitated about giving this old man permission to talk lest he should embarrass some of these "white friends." But Josiah Gooseberry was not to be dissuaded from talking by mere intimation that it would be unwise for him to do so. And so after a flowery introduction he plunged into his subject. He informed his audience that he had come down from the days of slavery and, therefore, understood white folks very well. I must confess that the first few minutes of his rambling, roundabout talk, in a dialect that was ridiculously crude, almost drowned my interest in his subject. But I was patient. I waited and finally the old man got off some real gems. He was in the middle of his talk when he thundered: "Yes—I know dere's some good white folks—an' den dere ain't. An' hits de bad white folks whut we cullud folks 's spoiled by praisin' 'em up too much. Why, doan you know dere's some folks when you praises 'em up too much you commits a crime?"

The audience gasped. But he went on developing his co-operative talk in his own way. Finally he wound up by telling a story. It sounded like an interesting plot in the very announcing of its title and by the time he had approached and reap-

proached it several times in his introduction I had snatched out my note book, pricked my ears and this is what I set down—mind you, in his own words:

"Once durin de days of slavery dere was a pow'ful mean ole master who useter whip an' whip his po' slaves all de time. Now he had two ole slaves—Uncle Joe an' Aunt Viney—if my mem'ry serves me right, dat he jes lived on. Yes suh, he jes whip an' whip dem all de time. An' Uncle Joe an' Aunt Viney dey ain't mek no complaint—no dey didn', but dey jes kep' on talkin' to de Lord in prayer—prayer for to change de ole master's heart. But he ain't mek no change. But de Lord he works in mighty mysterious ways—yes, he do. Bimeby dat ole master took down sick—yes! An' he had dreams an' visions—yes! Now in one of dese dreams he went up to Glory an' ole Saint Petuh met him at de gate an' dey start' walkin' down de street of Jerusalem. Bimeby dey come to monstrous beautiful house all made of gold. An' de ole master ask Saint Petuh whose fine house was dat all made of gold. Saint Petuh he 'low, 'Dat's old Uncle Joe's place.'

"'Whut sortah ole Uncle Joe's place?'

"'Ole Uncle Joe what useter live on yo' place,' says Saint Petuh,—'seems lak to me you oughta know him.' De ole master commence to 'spute an' argue an' mek 'miration an' bimeby he says right flat dat no nigger ain't never had no house lak dat. But Saint Petuh ain't argue wid him, he didn'. No indeed.

"He jes tuck him up to de house of gold an' says, 'peep in an' see for yo'se'f.' An' de ole master poked his head in de do' an' sho nuff dere was ole Uncle Joe all crowned in glory an' a-playin' on a harp of gold. De ole master was dumfounded. He backed out de house an' ax Saint Petuh how in de worl' did a nigger git sich a fine house all made of gold. An' Saint Petuh says, 'By de prayers he done sent up to hebem. Dey kep' on walkin'. Bimeby dey come to anudder house of gold, an' right off quick de ole master ax Saint Petuh whose house was dat. 'Dat's ole Aunt Viney's house,' says Saint Petuh. 'She useter live on yo' plantation too.'

"'Lemme see,' says de ole master, 'lemme see if dat's Viney for true.' An' he went an' poked his head in de do' an' sho nuff dere was Aunt Viney. She was all crowned in glory an a-tuning up her voice for de hebemly choir. De ole master shook his head an' 'low'! 'Well, well, well, I never spec to see niggers live in fine houses lak dem houses of gold. How did ole Aunt Viney git her house of gold?' says he.

"'She prayed hern up too,' says Saint Petuh.

"But dey ain't stop goin' yet. Dey jes kep' on walkin' down de streets of Jerusalem till bimeby dey come to a li'l broke down log cabin wid de windows all knocked out an' de steps all flopped down an' de chimney all tumblin' over. An' right off quick ag'in de ole master ax whose house was dat. 'Dat's yo' house,' says Saint Petuh. De ole master got sortah pale an' ax: 'How come I gits sich a house as dat, Saint Petuh?' Saint Petuh says, 'Cuz stid of sendin' up prayers fr'm yo' ole plantation for to build a house of gold, you was down on earth a-whippin' an' a-tearin' up folks. An' yere's whut you done: you tore down yo' house of gold an built dis yere cabin.

"De ole master poked his head in de little cabin do' an' he ain' seen nothin' but a bare empty room.

"It looked zackly lak de ones he built for Uncle Joe an' Aunt Viney down on earth. De ole master commence to cry: 'Oh Saint Petuh, can't you help me? Won't you help me for to pray up a house of gold?' Saint Petuh says, 'I'm sorry, but you done wait too late now.'

"So de ole master he kept' on cryin' till he done woke up Uncle Joe an' Aunt Viney. Dey come runnin' up to de Big House a-hollerin', 'Oh master, whut's de matter wid you—whut's de matter wid you, master?'

"'I'se been dreamin',' says de ole master, 'I'se been dreamin' whut kind of house we all is buildin' up in glory—houses of gold or log cabins.'

"Now dat ole master had chance to change his low down ways—which he did—" concluded Josiah Gooseberry, 'an' I spec he's livin' somewhere up in de sky now in his house of gold. But we-all might not git dat chance. So I want you to think 'bout dis—what kind of house is we buildin' today. Is we workin' against one 'nother or is we workin' together? Is we buildin' log cabins or houses of gold? Ah-ha! folks—'tain't whut kind of shoe you goin' to wear, but hits whut kind of houses is you buildin' up in glory—houses of gold or log cabins?"

# The Horizon

COMPILED BY MADELINE G. ALLISON

¶ Among 83 members of the Constitutional Committee of Missouri there was a Negro, Mr. B. F. Bowles, who was a member of the Committees on Education and Military Affairs. One anti-race measure, forbidding the inter-marriage of whites and Negroes and of whites and Mongolians, was introduced "by request." The committee included former members of Congress, a former member of the President's Cabinet, and three women.

¶ Ruth Whitehead Whaley, a Negro student in Fordham Law School, New York City, is the winner of two scholarships,—one for attaining the highest average in the first year, and the other for the highest average in a class of over 500 students. Her marks are: contracts, agency, property, torts, jurisprudence, A plus; domestic relations, pleading, criminal law, A minus.

¶ Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, has gone abroad to address the Scottish Churches Missionary Congress, in Edinburgh. He is accompanied by his wife, Major Allen Washington, and the Rev. Mr. G. S. Imes. Another passenger was Mrs. Casely-Hayford, a native of West Africa, who has been lecturing in the States in an endeavor to raise funds for a school in Africa.

¶ The two Carnegie libraries for colored people in Louisville, Ky., have a staff of nine workers and an annual circulation of over 100,000 volumes. Mr. Thomas F. Blue, a colored man, who is in charge of the work, has trained not only his own assistants but

THE DINING ROOM IN A NEGRO HOME, NEW YORK

MISS BERTHA R. MOXLEY

MR. T. A. MARRYSHOW MR. C. S. DUKE

JUDGE C. H. PAYNE MISS BESSIE COLEMAN

PROF. C. H. BOYER DR. E. W. BEASLEY

eleven women from southern cities. One of his pupils is now librarian of the Howard Branch Library for colored people, which was dedicated recently in Chattanooga, Tenn.

¶ The "Folies Bergères" are to Paris what the "Ziegfeld Follies" are to New York. The leading dancing role of the Paris Follies is being taken by Bertha Rhetta Moxley, a colored girl formerly of Chicago. In the cast also are a colored Frenchman and several white American actors and actresses, one of whom, the former star, Miss Moxley replaces. There has been some friction and criticism by American tourists over the actors; but on the whole, things have gone on smoothly and the management is pleased. Miss Moxley's photographs are on the Grand Boulevards and she writes: "My costume is silver cloth and crimson velvet, Egyptian style, with the cutest headdress and pointed, turned-up slippers. There is drapery about the hips, with long silver fringe to my ankles."

¶ For the first time the British Colonial Office has sent a commission to the West Indian colonies. This was caused by the activity of the Granada Representative Government Association, of which T. Albert Marryshow is the founder and secretary. Mr. Marryshow edits *The West Indian*, a daily and weekly paper which ought to make Negro American editors sit up and take notice. He has been active in the agitation which is widespread over the English West Indies for a larger measure of self-government. He was a delegate to the Second Pan-African Congress and took a prominent part.

¶ Edward W. Beasley is an interne in the Cooke County Hospital, in Illinois, being the third colored physician to win this coveted opportunity. Internes are chosen by competitive examinations. In the last examination Dr. Beasley ranked highest. He is a graduate of Fisk and of the Northwestern Medical School. Before his present appointment he was senior bacteriologist at the City Hospital in Chicago.

¶ Among those present at the Paris session of the Second Pan-African Congress was a colored girl, Bessie Coleman. She was born in Texas 24 years ago and went to France as a nurse during the war, where she was brigaded with the French, after the manner of white Americans whenever a capable colored person appeared overseas. Miss Cole-

man received instruction in flying and finally the French pilot's license. Recently she got the first pilot's license for flying granted to an American woman in Germany, and she has piloted machines in Holland and in America.

¶ Christopher H. Payne was born in West Virginia, 68 years ago, of free Negro parentage. He was trained at Richmond Institute and afterward studied law. Mr. Payne was the first Negro to be elected to the legislature of West Virginia in 1896 and in 1903 he became American Consul to the Danish West Indies where he served 14 years. When the United States bought the Islands, he returned to the practice of law and then was successively appointed Acting Assistant Government Attorney, Acting Judge in St. Thomas, Police Judge and Justice of the western part of the island of St. Croix, and finally Police Judge for the whole island. Judge Payne is also a member of the Colonial Council.

¶ This summer the Episcopalians held a conference at Wellesley College. Among the instructors was Professor C. H. Boyer, Dean of the College Department at St. Augustine Institute in Raleigh, N. C. Mr. Boyer is a graduate of Yale. He held classes on the subject of mission work among colored people.

¶ Sometimes persons write to ask if it is worth while for a colored boy to study engineering. We always reply: "Yes. He will have a hard time getting a job, but it can be done." The career of Charles S. Duke, in Chicago, proves this. Mr. Duke is a graduate of Philips Exeter and Harvard and a civil engineer of the University of Wisconsin. He secured his first position on the Missouri-Pacific Railroad and afterward he worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Commonwealth Edison Company, and George W. Jackson, Inc., who have a nation-wide reputation as tunnel builders. Later Mr. Duke entered the employment of the City of Chicago as bridge designing engineer. He served on the engineering staff of the Transportation Commission, was in charge of the city's water exhibit at the "Pageant of Progress," and is a member of the engineering staff of the Sanitary District of Chicago. Recently he was appointed one of the 22 Zoning Commissioners. Beside his regular work he is the author of numbers

BETHEL CHURCH, COLUMBIA, S. C.

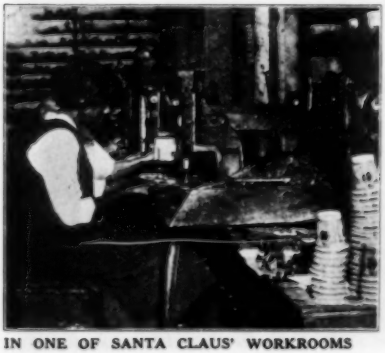
of technical papers on Engineering in engineering periodicals and of a pamphlet on "The Housing Condition of the Colored People in Chicago."

¶ Bethel A. M. E. Church, in Columbia, S. C., is rated as the third important building operation in that city during the year,—the Post Office and the Telephone buildings preceding it. The church, with furnishings, cost $90,000; it has an electric lighted cross, seats 1,500 people, and was designed by a colored architect, Mr. J. A. Lankford, of Washington, D. C. Bethel has a membership of 1,800 with the Rev. Mr. Wiseman, formerly of Avery Chapel, Oklahoma City, as pastor.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY OF MUSIC

MISS LULU J. CARGILL

¶ The Chicago University of Music has secured the former residence of Mme. Schumann-Heink for its work. The building is located on the corner of 37th and Michigan Boulevard, and includes well appointed studios, practise rooms, recital and reception halls, offices, and a tea room. Instruction is given in piano, violin, organ, wind instruments, harmony, counterpoint, composition, orchestration, dramatic art, singing, public school music, and the history of music. Miss Pauline James Lee, who is in charge of the work, is a young woman who has been associated with Mme. Hackley. Mrs. Camille Cohen Jones, formerly of New Orleans, is also on the staff. As an expression of appreciation to Mme. Schumann-Heink for turning over the lease to her home for this worthy cause, a reception was given in her honor and over 2,000 people were present.



IN ONE OF SANTA CLAUS' WORKROOMS

AT A HEALTH STATION IN NEW YORK CITY

¶ Lulu J. Cargill, a clerk in the Varick Street Branch of the New York Post Office, has beaten the record of Nina Holmes, of Detroit, as the fastest mail sorter. Miss Cargill's record is 30,125 pieces of mail inside of 8 hours, or more than a letter a second; Miss Holmes' record was 20,610 letters in 8 hours.

¶ There are health stations in many cities where the best milk can be purchased at the lowest cost. The baby in our picture is being weighed at one of the stations in

CLAUDE McKAY

New York City. Should anything ail the baby, the nurse is ready with advice for the mother.

¶ Our photograph shows one of Santa Claus' workrooms, in New York City, where no color line is drawn.

¶ Claude McKay, the Jamaican poet, has arrived in London, England, en route to the continent. He will send news dispatches on European affairs and politics as they affect the colored races of the world. While in New York, Mr. McKay was a member of the staff of *The Liberator*. He has published "Harlem Shadows," a book of poems, and other works.

¶ The Hon. Andrew F. Stevens, of the Pennsylvania Legislature, has been elected to membership in the Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association, which is composed of Philadelphia's wealthy and exclusive set.

¶ The *Alpha Phi Alpha* Fraternity has 42 chapters, stretching from Harvard University, in Massachusets, to the University of California. Other Negro college fraternities and the number of their chapters are the *Alpha Kappa Alpha* Sorority, 20; the *Kappa Alpha Psi*, 28; *Omega Psi Phi*, 20; *Delta Sigma Theta* Sorority, 19; *Phi Beta Sigma*, 20; and *Zeta Phi Beta* Sorority, 7. With the exception of the *Alpha Phi Alpha* and the *Kappa Alpha Psi*, each of these fraternities and sororities had its origin among students of Howard University. The *Alpha Phi Alpha* will hold its 15th annual convention in St. Louis, Mo., during December. The national president is Mr. Simeon S. Booker of Baltimore, Md.; the national secretary, Mr. Norman L. McGhee of Howard University, Washington, D. C. The *Alpha Kappa Alpha* meets in Kansas City, December 27-31.

¶ Several hundred colored public school teachers in Washington, D. C. have severed connection with the Education Association of the District and organized the Columbian Education Association of Washington. There were 329 colored teachers who joined the Education Association, which is made up of Sections A and B,—white and colored, respectively. By a vote of that body their initiation fees were returned on account of dissatisfaction which arose over the designations. Miss Lucy D. Slowe, former principal of Shaw Junior High School, is president of the new organization.

¶ Negro bankers have organized the Overseas Navigation Corporation and the Overseas Trading Company, to supply needs which will grow out of the American loan to Haiti. The president of the companies is Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, who is president of the Mutual Savings and Loan Company of Charleston, W. Va.; Napoleon J. Francis is director in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Offices have been established at 80 Wall Street, New York City. All business will be transacted through Negro banks and each bank has been asked to assist in the underwriting.

NEGRO CHIEFS AT THE BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATION IN PARIS

MRS. HATTIE B. WALKER

¶ The Attah of Idah is one of the native kings of Southern Nigeria, British West Africa, and rules a large population under the English overlordship.

¶ At the Bastille Day celebration in Paris, France, among special guests were 26 Chiefs from Africa, representing six French colonies. They were decorated by President Millerand and thanked for the 200,000 fighters they sent to France during the war. Attired in their brilliant native robes, they are sitting along the fence of Longchamp race course at a vantage point from which they witnessed the military review of the French Army. The presidential and honor tribunes are in the background.

¶ Among recent appointments of Negroes to political positions we note John W. Schenck, a Republican in Boston, to Assistant U. S. Attorney for Massachusetts; James S. Watson, a Democrat in New York City, to Special Deputy Assistant Corporation Counsel in franchise tax proceedings, at a salary of $3,500 a year; Mrs. Monen L. Gray to Supervisor of the colored section in the Office of the Register of the Treasury in Washington, D. C.; Captain Napoleon B. Marshall to a position in Haiti under the Commissioner of Haiti. Captain Marshall is a graduate of the Harvard Law School and one of the organizers of the 15th New York Regiment.

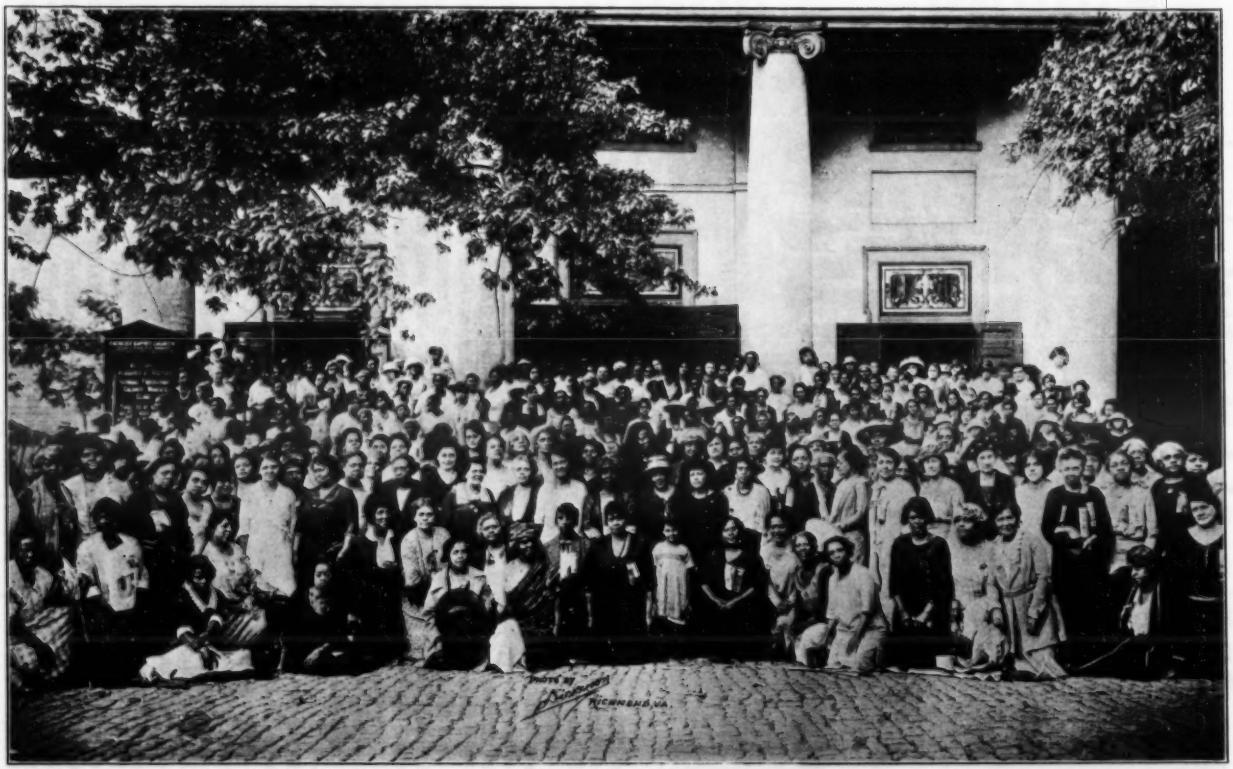
¶ There have been the following victories for Negroes in discrimination cases: In the Supreme Court in Little Rock, Ark., American Negro Shriners won the right to use the name and the emblems of their organization; segregation signs in the city bathhouse at Wylie Avenue in Pittsburgh, Pa., have been ordered removed; in New York City, the Misses Margaret and Ardelle Wiggins were awarded $100 each against a restaurant-keeper.

¶ Dr. J. W. Goodgame and Messrs. H. H. Glover and H. C. Harris are members of the Federal jury in Birmingham, Ala. Dr. Goodgame is pastor of Sixth Avenue Baptist Church; Mr. Glover is secretary of Tuggle Institute; Mr. Harris is a prominent barber.

¶ Through orders of Mayor Remington of New Bedford, Mass., Estelle B. Knox has been appointed to the municipal service as a clerical assistant at police headquarters. Miss Knox had been turned down for two municipal positions, regardless of the fact that her standing on the Civil Service list was 82.39 per cent., the highest of any in Class 2.

¶ In Ohio, Miss Helen Chestnut has been appointed head of the Latin Department at Central High School in Cleveland; Mrs. Hattie Brown Walker has been made a librarian in the Public Library in Cincinnati;

THE ATTAH OF IDAH




AT THE SESSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLORED WOMEN'S CLUBS, IN RICHMOND, VA.

WOODMEN OF UNION HOSPITAL AND BATH HOUSE

Mary R. James has been appointed Assistant Chemist in the Huron Road Hospital, Cleveland.

¶ An Endowment Fund has been started at the A. and T. College in Greensboro, N. C., through the bequest of the late Mrs. Florence Garrett, of Greensboro.

¶ The American Negro Academy will hold its 26th annual session in Washington, D. C., December 27-28. The speakers will be Professors Robert T. Kerlin, J. E. Aggrey and T. M. Gregory, Dr. C. V. Roman, Dr. Joseph J. France, and the Rev. Mr. C. C. Alleyne.

¶ Fifty-five Negro students are enrolled at the University of Southern California. William M. Peters is doing graduate research work in bacteriology.

¶ The outstanding feature of the annual Grand Lodge session of the Woodmen of Union, held in Hot Springs, Ark., was the dedication of its $150,000 hospital and bathhouse. There were 2,000 delegates present, representing 1,200 local lodges in Arkansas, Illinois, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Tennessee, Florida, and Missouri. Mr. John L. Webb, the supreme custodian, said: "Any organization among any people that can in six years turn a $5,000 deficit into a credit balance of $206,000 and during the same period pay out $610,000 in sick and death claims, is worthy of the confidence and support of the people everywhere." The supreme president is Dr. E. A. Kendall.

¶ The Rev. Mr. J. W. Simmons has succeeded Dr. Harvey A. King as president of Clark University in Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Simmons is a graduate of Columbia and Boston Universities and Dickinson College. He is 40 years of age and has traveled extensively in Europe. Harry W. Greene, at the age of 26 years, has become the dean of Samuel Huston College in Austin, Texas. Mr. Green was awarded the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts at Lincoln University in 1917-18.

¶ The 42nd annual session of the National Baptist Convention, Incorporated, will meet in St. Louis, Mo., on December 6. Among important matters will be the election of a president to succeed the late Dr. E. C. Morris.

¶ Attorney William F. Denny has been chosen counsel of record in the case of Prof. Robert T. Kerlin against the Staunton Military Institute. This is said to be the first instance in Virginia for a Negro attorney to conduct a civil case of importance in which the client is white.

# The Outer Pocket

Fresno, California.

FRESNO is in need of a good doctor and dentist. There are between 20 and 25 hundred Negroes and about twice that many Latin people that get no care from white doctors. They almost refuse to wait on them. There is only one colored drug store, but a doctor that would come here now will earn from $500 a month to $1,000 if he will look after just what we have in this one district to care for. So if you have one in mind send him out immediately or put us in touch with one.

MRS. IZETTA CLAY.

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New York City.

I was very much surprised to learn what a large number of colored people had graduated from northern colleges and had received the B. A. and M. A. degrees. I particularly enjoyed your comment on the useless struggle being made by the aristocrats in New England to maintain their supremacy in all matters affecting the government, and that instance you mention of the man whose parents were very poor, making the wonderful speech he did, being interrupted by a profligate, intoxicated scion of an aristocratic New England family, is very much to the point.

I would give a good deal to have your comment of this month read by every Jew in America. If you will try and get together a certain number of people who will contribute a certain amount towards about 200 annual subscriptions to THE CRISIS, I will gladly be one of such a committee and contribute my share towards such a consummation, for I feel that THE CRISIS does not reach the great number of people that it should reach. I would like to see every white boarding school in the South as well as in the North receive THE CRISIS, and would also like to see the Judges of the different courts get it.

J. D. WETMORE.

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Washington, D. C.

The statement of Dr. DuBois for the Association in the November CRISIS in rejoinder to the demand of the *Negro World* for an accounting of funds in the Bundy case is admirable. No one need now require an explanation of the relations of the Association to the case.

R. C. EDMONDSON.

Nashville, Tennessee.

I am a Southern Methodist deaconness, and I want you to know that I am thoroughly converted. I want to say to you that I believe ignorance is the main trouble with white people now. Of course it is criminal ignorance. For myself I can only say "I did not know," otherwise I should have been long ago doing all in my power to bring about justice for all.

ROSA BREEDEN.

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Rhodesia, Africa.

The fact is the more intelligent of your race are bound to refuse the poison you are constantly trying to feed them. A man of your race should be the last on earth to publish such statements about Lincoln even if they were true, which they are not. "Smutty" is not the word to apply to Lincoln's stories. But if it were, a proper appreciation of the man and what you owe him should forever prevent you from applying the term.

Your constant tendency to dwell upon sexual and questionable social matters, and your love for the sensational and obscene, unmistakably reveal the fact that you are deep in the mire. The Negro race will make no progress in following you. A man who will write as you have written should in all justice be denied the protection and opportunities offered by our country; but because America is America you will doubtless be protected even in your licence.

The men who should answer you will not, as they are busy with bigger things. And you doubtless go on thinking they cannot. But take this word from one who is truly interested in the progress of the Negro, for what you can get out of it. I wish I had time to give you more for I am sure it is the kind of medicine you need.

T. A. O'FARRELL, *Missionary*.

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Camden, Mississippi.

Well, I read your "Souls of Black Folks" the other day for the first time. It moved me immensely—it moved me immensely. I like that book because of the emotional tone among other things. Now, Mr. DuBois, I am a planter here in Mississippi, and have in the past four years undertaken to study my plantation Negroes. I would like to have you do me the kindness of assisting me by telling me of a few works which

you consider good on the religion and religious life of plantation Negroes. I shall appreciate this very much.

HOWARD SNYDER.

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Chicago, Illinois.

"Opinion" savors of deep conviction, of logic, at times so revolutionary it calls the attention of other editors to "sit up and take notice" in print. You are saying "an eternal no" to the half-loaf of race compromise.

S. D. BROWN.

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Los Angeles, California.

I consider the very recent "Children's Number" in a class by itself. The articles on "Marriage, Birth, Children, Infancy, Childhood and Education", would that every member of our group could read and apply the wisdom taught in these articles.

MRS. JOHN PRAYER.

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Detroit, Michigan.

I have just been reading your "Darkwater". The other night I sat up until two o'clock trying to break its spell. When one begins to see the Negro problem, as pointed out by our own people, one awakes to a fuller realization of life.

EVERETT E. CARTER.

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Cabin John, Maryland.

Your statement that the World War was fought for the mastery of the black man or the colored races generally, was a revelation. Rear Admiral Fisher says that luxury is the cause of all wars, but the two statements have such an obvious relation that they mean the same thing. The race-repulsion which (to speak frankly) the whites profess, is more acquired through suggestion than natural . . . . While a child in the Channel Islands we attended missionary meetings where a Negro preacher from the West Indies was the attraction. At the close of all meetings a number of children (urged by their elders) went forward and kissed him. My father was always careful to inquire whether we had remembered this quasi-obligation, and as I considered it rather an interesting performance I was rather nettled at his insistence.

H. DEJERSEY.

Trinidad, B. W. I.

Port-of-Spain (the capital) has over 70,000, with a proportion of 3 to 1 in favor of the colored people. (Let me state right here that I am writing of East Indians and Chinese as colored people.) We have a Public Library of which no town of the same size should be ashamed. Is your brain capable of imagining that, with the exception of Dumas' works, there is not another bit of literature by Negro or negroid people? I asked for P. L. Dunbar the other day as I thought that although it was not mentioned in the catalogue, yet there must surely be a copy of his works somewhere on the creaking shelves of this modern stronghold of literature. Believe me, Sir, there was no such copy. Yes, these English here are very careful what they give us for our mental pabulum—and who can blame them? I doubt if you would get any of our schoolboys to tell you the birthday of L'Ouverture, or Delaney. Why? Poor fellow, he does not know, he has never heard —you cannot blame him. What encyclopedia will inform you that either Pushkin or Hamilton and a host of others, were colored? They cannot hide about Dumas. Why? Because you could see it in his face and feel it in his hair.

G. E. TRACEY.

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Greensboro, North Carolina.

On looking over a recent number of *The Crisis* I noticed the list of schools given prominence in your columns. Do you know of any school or schools for special training of defective children? Have written several but all are strictly for whites. My little boy is normal in every way except speech. I am sure with proper systematic training he could and would learn to talk perfectly.

MRS. E. B. MEARES.

---

I thought you were a Negro only from circumstances. I am beginning to feel that I was laboring under a false impression during the earlier years of your public career. And somehow or other your editorial entitled "The Demagog" in the April CRISIS together with your activities during the past few years in behalf of the American Negro, and the Negro of the world, have convinced me that I was in error.

SAMUEL BARRETT.

# The Looking Glass

## *LITERATURE*

SO crowded was the little town
  On the first Christmas day,
Tired Mary Mother laid her down
  To rest upon the hay.
(Ah, would my door might have been thrown
  Wide open on her way!)

But when the Holy Babe was born
  In the deep hush of night,
It seemed as if a Sabbath morn
  Had come with sacred light.
Child Jesus made the place forlorn
  With His own beauty bright.

The manger rough was all His rest;
  The cattle, having fed,
Stood silent by, or closer pressed,
  And gravely wondered.
(Ah, Lord, if only that my breast
  Had cradled Thee instead!)

JAMES S. PARK.

* * *

The October number of the *English Journal*, official organ of the National Council of Teachers of English, publishes "Dangers and Possibilities of the Project," by Melissa A. Jones, a colored public school teacher of Atlantic City, N. J.

* * *

*The Church Missionary Review* publishes an article on "Missions and the African Liquor Traffic," by Charles F. Hartford, M. D. "Education in Kenya Colony" is also discussed by J. R. Orr, B. A., who protests against the short-sightedness of East African missionaries in teaching the natives only Swahili, which possesses no literature. Mr. Orr concludes:

"If the backward races are to be given self-government, they must be enlightened in order to understand the principles of such government and the history thereof. So strongly do I feel upon this subject and also upon the question of co-operation that at the Imperial Education Conference, which meets next year, I hope to have opportunity of urging a more progressive policy as to the education of backward races, which will include the compulsory teaching of the English language."

* * *

George Madden Martin, the author of "Children of the Mist," discusses in *McClure's* for October the activities of the Inter-racial Co-operative Commission.

The January CRISIS will contain our semi-annual book review, which will include among others the following recent publications: "Bronze," a volume of verse by Georgia Douglas Johnson; "Nigger," a novel by Clement Wood; "The Negro in Chicago," a compilation of the findings made by the Chicago Commission on Race Relations in connection with the race riots in that city; "The Negro Press in the U. S.," by Frederick G. Detweiler; "A Boy's Life of Booker T. Washington," by W. C. Jackson; "The Trend of the Races," by George Edmund Haynes; and "The Black Border," Gullah Stories of the Carolina Coast by Ambrose E. Gonzales.

## *OUR NEGRO ARTISTS*

THE Boston Public Library has been holding an exhibit of the Negro's achievement in Art, Literature and Labor. The Boston *Evening Transcript* comments:

The collection of books, prints, manuscripts and pictures that is shown in the Public Library is of a peculiar interest. It not only calls attention to the advance made by the Negroes in the United States in the last fifty years, but it shows that advance.

The collection and the objects it embraces are intended as a memorial to Miss Maria L. Baldwin, for many years the beloved and respected principal of the Agassiz School, and takes place under the auspices of the League of Women for Community Service, the rooms of which are at 558 Massachusetts avenue. To one who has taken the Negroes in America for granted according to our easy-going way, we can but say that this exposition has much to enlighten him. . . . Aside from what it has to say to the student of economics or literature or politics, the collection tells a story which has not its like in modern history. It does not argue that the Negro has no great defects to overcome nor does it give any ground for hasty conclusions, however kindly these may be. . . . It shows that from a body that a very few years ago were slaves and so considered by the world, there have come men and women who have done those things which cannot be disregarded, which must be respected and above all make for the good of the Commonwealth. The good-for-nothing Negro is probably the same as ever, but the Negro who has been wise enough, plucky enough and honest enough to see where his real manhood lay and to seek it, has given us chapter and verse for believing that he is a very good citizen.

Here are the works of Henry O. Tanner, Laura Wheeler, the late Richard Lonsdale Brown, S. A. Collins, Charles H. Osborne, William Edward Scott, Edmonia Lewis, Meta Warrick Fuller, and Albert A. Smith; Pushkin, the poet; Dumas, the writer; Ira Aldridge, the actor; Jacobus Joannes Captein, the navigator; Toussaint L'Ouverture, the statesman and liberator; Paul Laurence Dunbar, the poet, and W. E. B. Du Bois, author and editor. The Boston *Globe* says:

The most interesting thing about the exhibition is not the sporadic evidence of what the Negro did a century or so ago so much as it is what the Negro is doing today to show the world that abolition was not a mistake. Here is the evidence in education, in industry, in literature, music, painting, sculpture, and other activities."

* * *

The *Christian Science Monitor* of Boston commenting on the projected exhibit, concludes thoughtfully:

The Negro race has furnished two widely different pictures of its own mind which are full of suggestion for the white man. One of these pictures is drawn in a book written by a French-speaking native African Negro, Maran, and distinguished by intellectual France by the award of the De Goncourt prize. It is a picture of primitive, violent, resentful and irreconcilable savagery. In its brutal frankness it is unfit for general circulation in its original form, and even in the more restrained English translation is offensive. It took courage of a certain kind to make intellectual France recognize with its highest approval this product of the Negro mind. For it is a bitter arraignment of the white race, and especially of the French administrators.

The other picture will be unveiled in the Boston Public Library next month, when an exhibit of the products of Negro culture and intellectual achievement will be opened as an introduction to the establishment of a room devoted to the political, intellectual and artistic achievements of the Negro race. Among the exhibits will be such participation as that of Henry O. Tanner, the American Negro whose works are to be found in the Luxembourg, in Paris; the Dumas, father and son; Alexander Pushkin, the great Russian author, also Paul Laurence Dunbar, and that remarkable portrayer of the mentality of his race, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, whose masterpieces were rejected in the O. Henry memorial competition because the committee lacked the courage shown by intellectual France in crowning the work of René Maran.

The suggestion pressed upon the attention of the white man by these two pictures of the Negro mind is impressive in its import. By sympathetic contact with the white man, Tanner, the Dumas, father and son, Pushkin, and Dunbar have demonstrated beyond peradventure that they possess unlimited capacity for culture, which the white man has heretofore but too readily arrogated to himself. Mercilessly exploited by the white man, as shown in Maran's book, the Negro clings to his savagery. We have heard much of the "white man's burden." How is the white man bearing that burden?

## *DON'T GORE MY OX*

NOTHING shows up the Anglo-Saxon's utter inability to envisage fair play toward black men like the following comments on Siki's victory over Carpentier. F. S. Joelson writes in the *African World* of London:

Siki's victory over Carpentier is a tragedy to those of our race who are bearing the burden and the heat of the day 'neath Africa's sun, for the humiliation of the white at the hands of the black, the stirring of racial consciousness in millions of men barely higher than savages in the scale of evolution, must inevitably detract from the standing and safety of the European. News travels quickly to-day in the last Continent, and soon railway platforms and isolated clusters of huts in out-of-the-way spots will be the gathering-places of idlers discussing the event with all manner of distortions.

No man who has lived in Savage Africa, no man who knows anything of the African but feels that fistic bouts between black and white are a scandal that should be prohibited, either by the laws of boxing, or, if necessary, by those of European lands. Not one Negro in a million can understand that to us the event is merely a sporting incident unconnected with life itself. As in the days of yore armies sometimes elected to stand by the result of a combat between one doughty knight chosen by each side, so to the black man in his tropic home Siki (of whom he had never heard) will now be the national champion, the emblem of racial superority. What is without significance to us is fraught with meaning in Africa.

* * *

An editorial also in the *African World* complains:

We do not think that the British Colonies and other African States will have received the news of Siki's unquestionable victory over Georges Carpentier with unmixed feelings, for, despite the personal success of the gallant Senegalese boxer, the event opens up a vista of increased trouble in the future between the two races. An evidently well-informed writer to the *Daily Express* emphasises how the contempt for the Englishman will be accentuated in India by the latest news, and, as far as West Africa and the other Equatorial regions of the Dark Continent are concerned, there can only be

one voice of the gravest disapproval and surprise that such contests should even be permitted. However, the latest incident is only another of the many regrettable traits in the dominant French policy as far as the colored races are concerned, a policy which we are certain is creating a maelstrom of coming troubles between White and Black in the Tropics, the full effect of which cannot probably be gauged in anything like its full magnitude in our time. It is a far cry from the quite unjustifiable policy of placing Black troops amongst White communities in the occupied districts of Central Europe to the suicidal methods pursued for many years in French Equatorial Africa.

* * *

What about the "suicidal methods pursued" by white troops in black communities? —e.g., Belgium in the Congo. This same F. S. Joelson mentioned above also remarks:

Deep in the bush, where black outnumbers white by tens of thousands to one, it is prestige alone that makes it possible for the European to carry on. His moral superiority, backed now and then by a demonstration of physical force, holds sway over natives, who, once conscious of their power, could crush him in a moment.

* * *

To which the Boston *Evening Record* aptly, if unwittingly, remarks:

The knockout of the French champion comes at a time when a series of blows from Turkish fists are being imprinted on the ruddy countenance of John Bull himself. The Turks are hailed by the millions further East as belonging with them. The situation at the Dardanelles is being felt in India and beyond, where the natives are deeply conscious of antagonism to white interlopers from the West. . . .

The white monopoly of force seems to have had its day. If white folks are to hold their supremacy they must find a basis which knockouts will not disturb.

## *WHY PICK ON TURKEY?*

THE *Nation* says:

There are atrocities enough to meditate upon in our own country. Another Negro was lynched in Georgia the other day, and the four white men whose indictment for participation in a lynching was so loudly heralded have been found not guilty. In Texas still another Negro has been lynched, and no one knows—or will say—what for. In Tennessee two white men were taken from jail on October 20 and lynched. In Portland, Oregon, the witchcraft delusion persists; 200 men have been rounded up, charged with the fearful crime of carrying membership cards in the I. W. W., and deported from the city without warrant of law. Meanwhile some seventy I. W. W.'s, against whom no overt act is charged, are still held in Leavenworth Prison because of wartime expression of dissenting opinion, and President Harding, in commuting the sentences of six of them, attaches the condition that they respect the laws—of which respect he, or some one of Mr. Daugherty's understudies who will speak in the President's name, will be the sole judge. Brethren, let us pray that the heathen nations may, in the course of centuries, mount to our civilized level!

* * *

Rothschild Francis tells in the New York *Call* of the petty persecution received by the Virgin Islanders at the hands of naval officers who represent the U. S. Government:

"Naval men cannot understand a people of our kind. They are accustomed to command men who dare not question or disobey their commands. Coming to these Virgin Islands they put in practice these same traits and are prepared to punish every son of the soil who attempts to criticize their methods. For example, it is commonly believed that native police cannot arrest United States marines, no matter how much they violate law and order.

"We want the American people to understand that prior to the advent of these tars the natives were never treated in such a manner and they can see no reason now why native policemen should not arrest and carry them to jail when they violate our laws. Marines have met policemen on their beats and publicly called them all kinds of mean names. It is a splendid example to us. But natives are much more civilized than to beat out their assaulters' brains or burn their bodies to a cinder upon a slow fire because they are white, ignorant and aggressive. We want this thing stopped immediately. . . .

"We are not citizens of the United States. We are without a voice in our local government. Our civil liberties are openly assailed, and yet the Congress railroaded a bill that forced national prohibition upon us.

"We live on a small island and eke out a livelihood by selling coal, oil and foodstuff to passing steamers. They also bought beer and light wines. Drunkenness is unknown in our community, and, now that this medium of livelihood—the right to trade with foreign sailors without unnecessary molestation—has been removed, our people are practically on the verge of starvation and our business men are without anything to do."

* * *

G. L. Morrill writes in the Minneapolis, Minn., *Twin City Reporter*:

The agents of the Belgian rubber companies, endorsed and protected by a Belgian king, Belgian soldiers, Belgian financiers, Belgian lawyers and Belgian capital, fixed

up some 450 alleged treaties with the native [Congo] chiefs. They seized the land and gave in return gin and calico cloth to the chiefs. The chief thought he was only giving permission for the establishment of a station. The idea he was bartering away land never entered his mind, for it was held by a communal tenure by the whole tribe. On the strength of such treaty tricks, 20,000,000 pople were expropriated and their wealth seized in the name of Leopold. The unhappy Africans were robbed, debauched, degraded, tortured, mutilated and murdered, all on such a scale as has but seldom occurred in the whole course of history.

Emaciated old women, with ropes around their necks, were forced to work in chain-gangs from morning till night. The blacks received nothing for their rubber work in the fever and beast-infested jungle except lashes over the back with the "chicotte," a horrible hippopotamus rawhide whip, hard as wood, trimmed like a corkscrew, and with knife-blade edges. A few blows brought blood, and few more pounded the victim into insensibility. The hireling press and missionary priests of Leopold stated that it was "the general policy of the State to promote the regeneration of the race by instilling into it a higher idea of the necessity of labor." The manner of teaching was strikingly effective. Each town in the district was forced to bring in a certain quantity of rubber to the headquarters of the Commissary every Sunday. The soldiers drove the natives into the bush; if they were unwilling to go they were shot down, their left hands being cut off and taken in baskets as trophies to headquarters. The victims were often helpless women and harmless children. These hands were counted and placed in rows before the Commissary to see the soldiers had not wasted the cartridges. Often the severed hands were smoked in a kiln and carried in on top of the baskets of rubber. This was hardly a fair interpretation of the Scripture which says, "Work earnestly with both hands." Native villages were burned and the people massacred. According to one Belgian agent it was worth while to slaughter one-fourth of the population if the effect was to drive the others to frenzied and unceasing work. In the Mongalla District 60 women at one time were put in irons and left to die of hunger because the village of Mummumbula had not brought enough rubber.

* * *

White America and white Europe, dwellers in glass houses, must not throw stones at the unspeakable Turk.

## *NEGRO BAITERS PLEASE COPY*

THE assistant professor of sociology at Ohio University, Edwin L. Clarke, says the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, gives a course in "Eliminating Prejudice." He pursues these common sense methods:

To each student in his class is given a mimeographed sheet headed "Prejudice in the United States is Most Frequently Directed Against the Following Groups—Religious, National, Racial, Occupational, and Political." A number of examples of each group is listed after the headings, as, for instance, after "Political" are specified "Anarchist, Bolshevist, Capitalist, Communist, Free Trade, Liquor Interests, Militarist, Pacifist, Prohibitionist, Protectionist, Single Tax, and Socialist."

The student is then required to write a paragraph of 100 to 200 words, explaining his antipathy for the group against which he has the most violent prejudice. He is asked to give free rein to his thought and is not required to defend his position logically.

The next step in the course requires the rewriting of the first paragraph, eliminating from the previous indictment all charges which the student would not care to attempt to prove to be true of the body accused as a whole, before the Supreme Court of the United States.

* * *

The next step is to show the pupil that something may be said on the other side.

The third assignment requires the writing of as strong a defense of the group as the student can do in the same amount of space as the indictment.

In the fourth assignment the student is asked to state in 100 to 200 words, to what extent his antipathy is based on reason and to what extent on prejudice, and to explain the origin of the prejudice in so far as he is able.

The fifth requirement is to state definitely what the student intends to do to free himself from his prejudice.

* * *

Nor does he stop here:

Having found out how his students think, he requires each one to read and report on a novel, an autobiography, or a series of dramas, sympathetically presenting the case of the group against which he is prejudiced. Problems are made real and vivid when approached from a selected list of readings, Professor Clarke finds, and the kindly treatment which is given by more friendly writers often throws a new light on questions previously difficult for the individual student.

When race problems are at issue the class is frequently addressed by representative Negro citizens, followed by an open forum. The group visits institutions, schools, and homes which show the achievements of the Negro. One class started the Ohio Student Inter-Racial Conference, which holds annual meetings at Wilberforce University to discuss race problems and their solutions.

## *WE WONDER*

WE'D like to hear Gourdin, Robeson, Drew, Butler and others on these findings on "Racial Traits in Athletics," by Elmer D. Mitchell, quoted in *Good Health*:

It is very common in the Northern States to find Negroes playing on teams representing educational institutions. Even those most prejudiced to the intermingling of races, cannot but admit that the Negro is usually a clean and sportsmanlike player. A colored youth who remains in school until the age of interscholastic competition is usually of the bright industrious type, and the same qualities show when he participates in athletic games. The Negro mingles easily with white participants, accepting an inferior status and being content with it. I have often seen a gay-spirited crowd of college players play pranks upon a colored team mate, even to overheaping his share of the equipment that was necessary to be carried, or to decorating his uniform so that it showed conspicuously, and in all cases the spirit of reception was a good humored one. This same spirit enables the player of this race to meet intentional rough play and jibes of his opponents with a grin. The Negro as a fellow player with white men, is quiet and unassertive; even though he may be the star of the team, he does not assume openly to lead.

The colored person is very adaptable and plays all games that the Americans have popularized, not showing any marked favoritism to certain ones. As a professional, most often he has gained notoriety through boxing, Jack Johnson, Joe Gans, and Sam Langford being well known figures in ring circles; and as an amateur, as a member of college teams, the All-American halfback, Pollard of Brown, and the All-Western tackle, Slater of Iowa, can be cited as examples.

* * *

Is *that* so? And all so easy and convincing and scientific! One was white, one was yellow, one was brown, one was black and all prove so much about the "Negro" race!

## *STRAWS IN THE WIND*

WATCH YOUR STEP — That Negroes are making rapid strides in athletics outside of the prize ring was shown on Saturday at Newark, when the first three places in the running broad jump at the national championship of the Amateur Athletic union were taken by colored men, while first place in the hop, step and jump also went to a member of that race.—Paterson, N. J., *Call.*

* * *

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER — "I wa t to say this for t'e colored people," says the director of Associated Charities work in a city with a large Negro population. "They take care of themselves and each other as no other group does. And when bad times came upon them, the colored people who came to us for help showed records of savings deposits amounting to from $300 to $400, which they had used in their extremity. They were the first group to recover themselves, for when work was offered them they took it. Maybe it was not always what they wanted or would have chosen to do, but at least they got to work again. . . .

"The Negro does save. And he takes care of himself without whining, and helps take care of his neighbor. His happy-go-lucky air is deceptive. There is more shrewdness and sense underneath it than he is usually given credit for. He is a sort of natural philosopher, who can be contented in modest circumstances and smile through his misery."—Martinez, Cal., *Gazette.*

* * *

OUR WONDERFUL RACE — According to a recent report, in the last sixty years Negroes in this country have acquired 22,000,000 acres of land, 600,000 homes and 45,000 churches. They operate 78 banks and 100 insurance companies, besides 70,000 other business enterprises with a capital of $150,000,000. Owing to the large number of schools and colleges for colored children illiteracy has been reduced to less than 27 per cent.—*The Pathfinder.*

## MOTHER TO SON

LANGSTON HUGHES

WELL, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor—
Bare;
But all the time
I'se been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark,
Where there ain't been no light.
So boy, don't you turn back;
Don't you sit down on the steps,
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard;
Don't you fall now—
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

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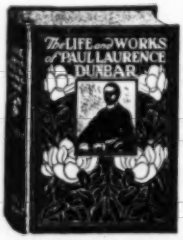


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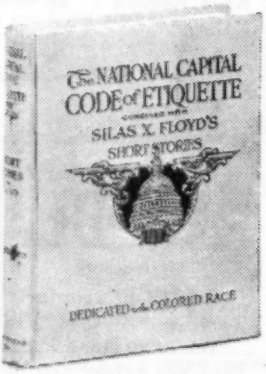


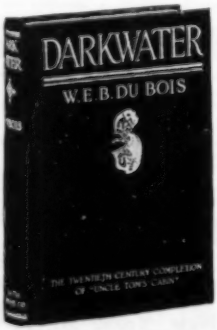


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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. E. Burghardt DuBois, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE CRISIS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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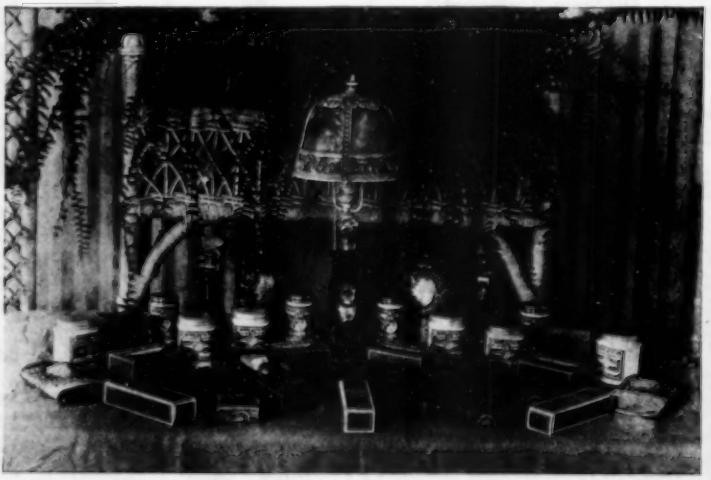

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